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A true re

porte or description of an
horrible, wofull, and
moſte lamentable murder,
doen in the citie of London
by one John Kyneston, a
Sherman by his occupation,
declaring howe wickedly he
murthered his owne wife, in
the moneth of August laſte
paſt, and being taken, was
hanged the ſame moneth 1572
and now newly ſet forth
in print the xxv. daye
of the moneth
of January.

1573.
At London.

By Henry Kynham.

These bee the witnesses
that this is true.

Thomas Pepper
Dauid Floyde,
Willyam welche.
Richard Barwicke vicare of the
Temple in Bristowe.



Of a horrible murder.



A I a slepe in bedde did lye,
In a stormie and winndie night:
I hard a voice full loude did crie,
Beholde a dolefull sight.

A woman here lieth dedde on grounde,
God knoweth here I dead haue her founde,
Dye we nere and see her deadly wounde,
Whiche greuous is to me:
Beholde he saied, and cried faste,
She is out of a windowe caste,
The people then in all the haste,
Dye we nere that faste to se.

And I dye we nere among the reste,
This baglie sight to be we:
Alas I sawe it was no geste,
His saynges was to true.
For there the corpa of one late dedde,
At night she merie went to bedde,
But now the peoples eyes she sebbe,
As she laie on the grounde,
I musyng how this fakte might bee,
One saied, O man dost thou not see,
It is her husbannes worke truely,
That hath given her deathes wounde.

a. y. Then

Of a horrible murder.

Then for her husbände I did call,
And asked where he might bee:
No newes of hym there was at all,
For no man did hym see.
Then to his dooze I did procede,
In all the haste I knockt with speede,
Then came he forth that did the deede,
He knewe it was not well,
And when he came he was agasse,
Because he heard me knocke so faste,
Where is thy wife, I askte at laste,
Said he I can not tell.

I tooke hym then faste by the arme,
His wife to hym did shewe:
I askte of hym who was the same,
Said he, I doe not knowe,
I mayntained I, were thou distracte,
When thou comittest this wicked facte,
If thou haddest tolde, what was thy lacke,
Or opened once thy mynde,
If thou to God haddest often prayed
On thee had neuer come this daie,
Come man with me, thou must a waie,
Leaue house and gooddes behynde.

Then

Of a horrible murder.

Then to the Sherief I hym brought,
Within a little spate:
And by the waie I hym besought,
To call to God for grace.
Saiyng thou hast not long to leue,
Wherefore thy self to prayer geue,
From God see nothyng thee remeue,
But in hym put thy truste,
The Sherief being scarcely rated,
To here this fable, was halfe dismayed,
Came forth he, and to this man he said,
To prison now thou muste.

I tooke hym then faste by the hande:
A waie with hym I went:
Thou killest thy wife, I vnderstande,
Tell me for what intent.
Was there betwene you suche debate,
That in thy harte sprong mortall hate,
For to kill her that was thy mate,
The deuill was greate in thee.
His wordes thei were to me againe,
This mynde in me did long remaine,
She is now rewarded for her paine,
That she hath doen to me.

a ij.

But

Of a horrible murder.

But yet I askt hym this befoze,
Saying, some doeth beare in hande,
Thou haste money, and that good stoze,
Let me it vnderstande.
What parte of it maie now thee helpe,
While thou art in this miserie,
Where it doeth lye, therfore tell me,
Gine some befoze thou dye,
If I should neuer goe here hence,
I haue no moze but one fine pence,
That God both knowe, who is my defence,
I speake vnfainedly.

Unto the place I brought hym then,
Imprisoned soz to bee:
And this I saied to hym againe,
Loe here now thou maiest see,
In prison here thou shalbe caste,
In yzon colde thou shalbe faste,
Cause of the deede that doen thou haste,
Whiche greuous is to see,
But how that thou diddest kill thy wife,
Was it with dagger oz with knife,
Or how thou tookest awaie her life,
I prae thee tell it me.

Seyng

Of a horrible murder.

Heving you request so earnestly,
The truthe of me to knowe,
I will it tell you certainly,
And all thyng to you shewe.
This night before we were merie,
As any man and wife could be:
And that the neighbours did vs see,
Betwene vs was no strife,
And after I had slept a while,
I did not thinke her yet to spoile,
Till in my head was put this stile,
A rise goe kill thy wife.

Then was I in a marvellous rage,
I could not long lye still,
Ther was nothyng my wrath could swage
But I must worke my will.
Then from my wife there did I goe,
Recountyng her to be my foe,
Wherfore I thought to worke her woe,
What meane you man she saied,
And if thou be a very man,
Tell me whether thou doest goe than,
My aunswere was, I will come anan,
It forceth not to thee.

a.iiij. Then

Of a horrible murder.

Then yotune I went immediately,
To the haule I did proceede,
I knowyng where the knife did lye,
The whiche should doe the deepe.
When in my hande I had it take,
I of her death accounte did make,
Came by and sobainly her strake,
In bedde where she did lye.
And when she felt her selfe so marke,
Out of the bedde anone she starte,
A man saide she. you haue perced my hart,
That I am like to dye.

Yet for all that I did not leaue,
But wounded her in deere,
Her woundes I coulde not well perceiue,
But as I felte them bleed.
Alas she saide, no more, O man,
For Christes sake no w holde thy hande,
I am nere death, I vnderstande,
Sweete man no more, she cried.
But when she saue no remedie,
A man she saide, God forgiue thee,
And Christ take mercie vpon me,
And so fell doune and died.

Of a horrible murder

A candle there in all the hall,
I went to light with speede;
For sorrow none my harte did taste,
For all my wicked deede.
If light I could have gotte at all,
My neighbours in I would have call,
To see what had betwene us fall,
My wife there dedde should see.
But seying that I no light could gette,
Into the bedde againe I lepte,
Thynkyng a while for to haue slept,
Alas it would not be,

A thousand thoughtes came in my minde
My wittes were not myne owne,
To see how bloodely I was fedde,
With seedes whiche the diuell had sowen,
For then my wife on grounde late dedde,
Before a slepe she was on bedde,
And yet my mynde was alwaies ledde,
Aganist her for to be.
For I no sorrowe yet did taste,
Rose up againe in all the hast,
Out at a windowe I her cast,
Cause people should her see.

Of a horrible murder.

What a harte man hadst thou,
To wound thy wife so sore,
A wound or two had bene enow,
If it had been no more.
But all the while she was alive,
Thou neuer ceaseſt but ſtill didſt ſtrive,
Till ſhe had twentieth wounds and ſine,
Whiche one her all wers tolde,
After that I had once begonne,
Greate haſt I made till I had doene,
Thereby my death I haue now wonne,
That all men maie beholde.

Then was he brought vnto the hall,
For to receaue his meede,
And there by name they did hym call.
Touchyng his wicked deepe,
One ſaide to hym holde vp thy bande,
Thou kildſt thy wife I vnderſtande,
How ſaiest, is it true, ſpeake I man,
Art thou gilty, yea or no,
It was my deepe I not deny,
Wherefore good people praye for me,
He to the iudge againe did ſaie,
Gilty the trouth is ſo.

The

Of a horrible murder.

The iudge then iudgement on him gaue
And saied now thou must dye:
To the death thou hast deserved to haue,
But take this patiently.
From whence againe thou shalt retourne,
Vnto the place from whence thou come,
With these thy fellows all and some,
That were so leudely ledde,
To Wighela hille, then thou shalt procede:
There so: to receiue thy meede,
Because thou diddest a wicked deede,
Hang there till thou be dedde.

When to his death then that he went,
The preacher went hym by,
Exhortyng hym, sayng repent,
Prepare thy self to dye.
This wolde now that thou must leane,
And that thou see it and well perceiue,
God will thy soule no doubt receiue,
For all this wicked deede.
Trust then in Christ saued to be,
Beloue I saie, that onely he,
Thy wickednesse hath forgine thee,
He hath it so decreed.

But

Of a horrible murder.

But when he came vnto the place,
In deede where he should die,
One saied, beholde the ende and race,
Of all thy miserie.
Anon thy soule in heauen shalbe,
Where thou shalt God beholde and see,
With greate ioye and felicitie,
Feare not to die therelore,
Where saukes and angels doeth still sing,
We praise the lord our heauently kyng,
And then with them thou shalt begin,
To praise hym euermore.

Finis. q. D. S.

An admonishment of the same.

That on earth with liuely sence,
are now adorned right:
Perpende and notifie this sate,
expressed here in light.
He bare the name of honestie,
as by his outwarde shewe.
Appered no lesse, for but a few,

the

Of a horrible murder.

the contrarie did knowe:
Yet in his harte such deadly sinne,
for want of seruyng God.
There did remaine that vainly he,
did nought regarde his Rodde:
And as a stock whiche outwardly,
is trim bedeckt with Golde.
Beset with pearles and precious stones,
yea moze then twentie folde:
But yet within is nothyng els,
but Timber rough and plaine:
Euen so was he a persone light,
and of opinion vaine.
As by his deades it doeth appeare,
the greater is my care:
That suche as Chistians haue to name,
should so with sinne compare.
Wherefore let al men take good heede
how they doe leade their life:
And how thei doe behaue them selues,
in liuyng with their wife.
If that thou canst not well agree,
with her and with her vse:
Or if thou dost perceiue and see,
her till she doeth abuse.

Admonitions

Of a horrible murder.

Admonishe her the contrarie,
if that will not preuaile;
Doe separate thy self from her,
suche grudgyngs for to quaille.
Tis better that thou liue alone,
in peace and so to rest:
Then for to greeue thee with thy wife,
or yet thy self molest.
If this vnrightheous persone here,
had followed this aduise:
To slais his wife from out his bedde,
he would not seme to rise.
But Sathan who had hym subdued,
did egge hym to the same:
That he oblivious of the Lorde,
did nothyng waigh the shame.
That would ensue, nor yet the woe,
wherein he should remaine:
But rashly did put for the hym self,
with Sathan for to raine.
A lamentable case it is,
for any christian harte:
To thinke that he a Christian should,
so rudely plate his parte.
And yelde hym self as Sathans thral,
who

Of a horrible murder.

Who ought in deede by right:
To be his foe, and also vnder,
Ch2ist his Banour fight.
For Sathan reareth vp and downe
as Lions for their praise:
Seking whom he maie deuour,
and bring vnto decaye.
If we did well remember this,
or beare it in our baine:
We would not seeme to grée vnto,
suche fancies sonde and baine.
But we are so bewitched still,
with diuelishe operation:
That in the end it bringeth nought
vnto vs but damnation.
Example well your selues with this
same tyraunts doyng here:
And iudge if any feare of God,
in hym there did appeare.
None, why then shunne you the same
and learne to mende your misse,
that after death you maie remaine,
in comfo2table blisse.
And serue the Lorde in holines,
and puritie of life:

That

That every man might well
his family and wife
And that there mighte some bittre
appeare betwixt them and their
That God mighte still be glorified,
where glorious he hath reigned.
God graunt vs all to desire this,
and then, we mighte be sure
With God the son and holy ghost,
fore ever to endure.
Unto the which I thus amen,
and so let all the rest.
That loue the lord and feare his name,
so, so I thinke it best.

Psalm. xxv.

All the waies of the Lorde are verie mercie
and faithfulness vnto such as keepe his
Testament and covenante.

Psalm. xxvii.

Requencie them after the works of all
handes, and paise them that they haue
deserued.

Finis of Iude Smith.

